

THE DOLL MAN

AUTUMN
ISSUE

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**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE DOLL MAN



EXCITING
FOUR DYNAMIC
DOLL MAN
STORIES

The DOLL MAN

"THE MORE" ANYONE COULD EVER SAY ABOUT THE PELICAN WAS THAT HE WAS A FUNNY LOOKING BIRD! BUT NOT AFTER PERKINS' PELICAN CAME ALONG! ...

WHAT A BIRD THAT PELICAN TURNED OUT TO BE! ... WITH A BRAIN FULL OF VILLAINY, A BEAK FULL OF LARCENY AND A HEART FULL OF HATE! OH ... YOU DON'T THINK A FELON CAN HATE? THE DOLL MAN DOUBTED IT, TOO, UNTIL ... BUT LET'S GET ON WITH OUR STORY! ...



DARREL DANE, DR. ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER
MARTHA CONTEMPLATE AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE.

OH, DARREL, I'VE HEARD
OF THEIR ACT! - THEY
SAY IT'S A SCREAM!

LET'S GO,
THEN!

INSIDE THE THEATRE...



NOW, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN, THE
PELICAN WILL TAP HIS
BEAK ON THE FLOOR
THE NUMBER OF TIMES
NECESSARY TO
INDICATE THE
CORRECT ANSWER
TO MY
QUESTIONS!





WELL, FOLKS... THE PELICAN
IS GRATEFUL FOR YOUR KIND
APPLAUSE... HE INSISTS ON
THANKING SOME OF YOU
PERSONALLY!



YOU'RE
WELCOME,
I'M SURE!
HA-HA!



YOU'RE
A CARD
PELICAN!



THE
PERFORMANCE
ENDS!!!



AS THE AUDIENCE
LEAVES THE THEATRE...



EEK!...
MY PEARL
NECKLACE!
IT'S GONE! IT
WAS WORTH A
HUNDRED
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

THERE MUST BE A PRETTY HIGH-CLASS PICKPOCKET IN THIS CROWD ... LIFTING A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NECKLACE!

MY WALLET!
IT'S GONE! I HAD TEN THOUSAND IN CASH IN IT!



THAT'S STRANGE!
BOTH THE WOMAN AND THE MAN SHOOK HANDS WITH THE PELICAN! -- EXCUSE ME FOR A WHILE, MARTHA! I'LL MEET YOU AT HOME!

DARREL!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



BUT DARREL DANE IS ALREADY ON HIS WAY BACKSTAGE!

THIS MUST BE THE ROOM!



OKAY, PELICAN ... LET'S BREEZE! ... BY NOW THE SUCKERS HAVE PROBABLY DISCOVERED THAT WE TOOK THEM!

SO THAT'S IT!



OH ... COULD I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT, MR. PERKINS?

NO AUTOGRAPHS NOW, PAL! -- I'M IN A HURRY!



I DON'T DOUBT THAT! WELL ... DARREL DANE CAN'T GET IN ... BUT I THINK THE DOLL MAN CAN!



DARREL DANE BECOME THE
TINY**DOLL MAN!**









HERE GOES!

BUT THE PELICAN MOVES FORWARD
SUDDENLY, MOUTH STILL OPEN ...



INSIDE THE PELICAN'S BEAK...

RATHER DARK IN
HERE AND THE
VENTILATION'S
NOT TOO GOOD!



ON SECOND
THOUGHT, YOU'D
BETTER KEEP THIS
SWING IN YOUR BEAK!
IF THE COPS FIND ME,
THEY WON'T THINK
OF LOOKING FOR
IT THERE!



WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING SO GOOEY
ABOUT? COME ON,
OPEN THAT
BEAK!



A FINE TIME
YOU PICK TO BE
STUBBORN! -
OPEN
UP!





DOLL MAN WILL REAP THRELL YOU -- NEXT MONTH IN *FICTION GORRIES*!

Lala Papeerza



The DOLL MAN



THIS WAS A DIFFERENT SORT OF CRIMINAL BAND! —THEY PLAYED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WITH ONE HAND, AND PLAYED A "SOX-GUN" HARMONY WITH THE OTHER! BUT THE DOLL MAN MAKES THE MUSICAL CROOKS FIDDLE ANOTHER TUNE WHEN HE BEATS OUT A RHYTHM IN FISTICUFFS THAT MAKES EVEN THESE LOVERS OF SWING "HOOF IT" TO THE SAD, SLOW LAMENT OF "THE PRISONER'S SONG"!



THE GUESTS
ARE ALL IN THE
BALL ROOM!
GET GOIN',
BOYS!



SPREAD OUT AND GO
THROUGH THE ROOMS!
THERE'S A FORTUNE
IN ROCKS HERE
TONIGHT!



WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWNSTAIRS,
DIRK?

THE VAN DER HOFFEN
BALL! THEY HOLD IT
EVERY YEAR! IT'S
FOR ONLY
THE SWELLEST
OF THE
SWELLS!



HEY, DIRK! LOOK
WHAT I
FOUND!

QUIET, YOU APE!
WHEN THE
ORCHESTRA
STARTS PLAYING
DOWNSTAIRS,
YOU CAN YELL
ALL YOU
WANT!



GOSH, DIRK! REMEMBER YEARS AGO
WHEN WE USED TO PLAY FOR THE
BOYS' CLUB! WE WERE A NIFTY
LITTLE SWING BAND, EVEN IF
I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

YEAH! I USED
TO PLAY THE
FIDDLE!



BUT CUT OUT THE SENTIMENT!
WE AIN'T KIDS NO MORE! --
WE'RE HERE ON IMPORTANT
BUSINESS!

OKAY,
DIRK! --
LEAD
ON!







QUICKLY, DIRK DALO IMPRINTS THE UNCONSCIOUS BAND LEADER'S FINGERPRINTS ON THE STOLEN CIGARETTE CASE!



NOW, LISTEN TO ME, SUCKER! YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THIS CIGARETTE CASE! SQUEAL ON US--AND WE'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE COPS!

BUT-- BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!



YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME CONVINCING THE COPS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY HEAR US SWEAR YOU WERE OUR INSIDE MAN ON THE JOB! YOU KEEP QUIET AND PLAY THE GAME OUR WAY FROM NOW ON-- OR ELSE!



McMURRIS ... DARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCEE, MARTHA ROBERTS, ARE AMONG THE GUESTS AT THE BALL DOWNSTAIRS ...

THIS NEW BAND IS WONDERFUL! ART GORDON IS REALLY GOING PLACES!

THE CROWD IS GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME! LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT!



I COULD DANCE FOREVER TO THIS MUSIC!

THOSE MEN RUNNING ACROSS THE LAWN! ONE OF THEM LOOKS LIKE DIRK DALO, THE GANG LEADER!

EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE, MARTHA!



IT IS DIRK DALO! WHENEVER THAT FELLOW'S AROUND, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE, AND WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE --



--THERE'S THE DOLL MAN!



DIRK DALO'S PROBABLY
PULLING A HOLD-UP!



HERE'S ONE
HOLD-UP
MAN WHO
GETS A
"COME DOWN!"



YOU'LL FIND
EVERY ROSE
HAS ITS
THORNS!



NOW I'LL
ATTEND TO
YOUR PALS!



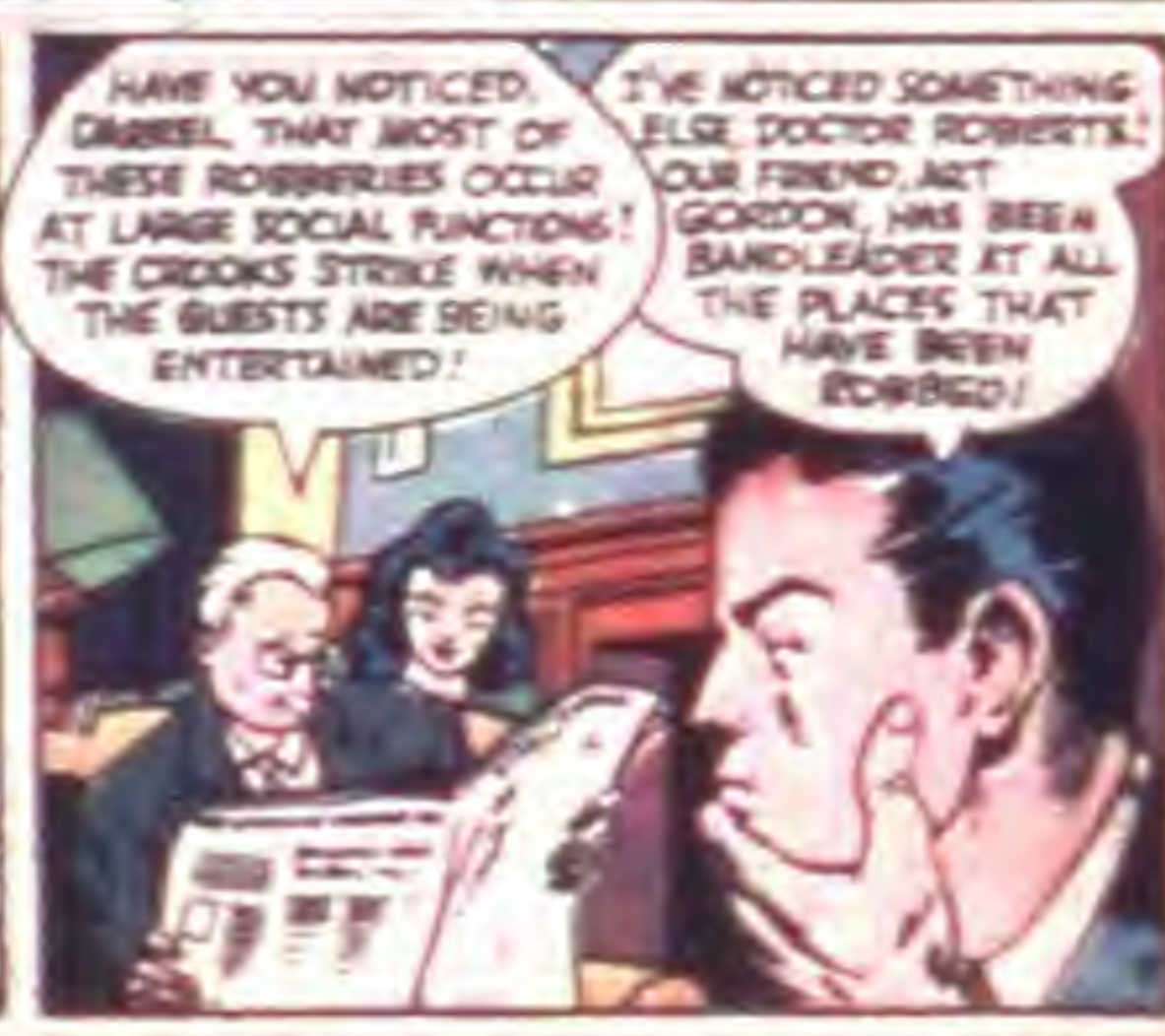
NOT LEAVING
SO SOON
ARE YOU?



WEEP!
GET ME
DOWN!
I'M
STUCK!

MAYBE I CAN
EVEN CONVINCE YOU
TO STAY, DIRK
DALO!















I—I MUST BE INSIDE A DRUM! THAT POUNDING! I—I CAN'T STAND IT!



STILL THE TERRIBLY CERULEAN SOUND BOES ON—WHILE THE DOLL MAN TRAPPED INSIDE, IS TOO WEAK TO MOVE!...



WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH THE NUMBER! I HOPE ART GORDON DOESN'T GIVE US AWAY!

HE KNOWS I HAVE MY GUN AIMED AT HIM! HE'D BE DEAD BEFORE HE RAISED HIS VOICE!



OKAY, GORDON! WE'RE THROUGH PLAYING—IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! — GET GOING!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, DIRK!

YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US GET AWAY WITH IT, PRETTY BOY!



MEANWHILE—THE DOLL MAN'S NIGHTY BODY HAS THROWN OFF THE EFFECTS OF HIS TERRIBLE ORdeal AND...

DIRK DALO UNDERESTIMATED ME! ...



THAT'S ALWAYS A SERIOUS MISTAKE!







HERE'S A
LULLABY
NUMBER!

THANKS,
GORDON!
WE DID A
PRETTY
GOOD JOB
TOGETHER

I'M GLAD! —
EVEN IF IT
DOES MEAN
MY OWN
FINISH!

YOU
MEAN
THIS
CIGARETTE
CASE?

STOLEN PROPERTY —
AND IT HAS MY
FINGER PRINTS!
I DIDN'T STEAL
IT! BUT THE
COPS WILL
NEVER BELIEVE
THAT!



YOU'VE EARNED THIS,
GORDON! THE CIGARETTE
CASE IS GOING BACK TO
ITS OWNER — WIPE CLEAN!
THAT MEANS YOUR SLATE
IS WIPE CLEAN,
TOO!



SOMETIME
LATER... AT
A FASHIONABLE
NIGHT
CLUB...

ART GORDON HAS
HIS OLD BAND BACK!
NO WONDER HE'S
MAKING SUCH
A SUCCESS!

HE HAS A SMOOTH-
WORKING OUTFIT
NOW!



I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIS OLD
CREW?

SOMETIMES I
WONDER, TOO!



IN CASE
YOU ARE
WONDERING,
LET US
LOOK IN
ON DIRK
DALO AND
HIS MEN
IN
THEIR
NEW
HOME...

OH, I WISH I HAD THE
WINGS OF AN ANGEL



BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT DOLL MAN
STORY IN FEATURE COMICS!

America - It's Worth De



THE BATTLESHIP
PLURAL NAME IS THE USS
NAMED AFTER THESE FIVE MEN, THE
WATERLOO, IOWA, WA
CRUISER JUNEAU WA



THE LIBERTY BELL WAS NOT
CRACKED PROCLAIMING LIBERTY
IN 1776. IT WAS DAMAGED IN
1835, TOLLING THE DEATH OF
CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS
BATTLES IN U.S. NAVAL HISTORY
WAS THE VICTORY OF THE USS
CONSTITUTION (OLD IRONSIDES)
OVER THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR
GUERRIERE, ON AUGUST 19, 1812.
(CONTRAST THIS CLOSE-UP ACTION
WITH THE BATTLE OF THE CORAL
SEA IN 1942, IN WHICH THE AMER-
ICAN AND JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS
NEVER EVEN SAW EACH OTHER, ALL
OF THE DAMAGE BEING DONE BY
OPPOSING AIRCRAFT!)

ROCK SCORE OF THE 1812 SEA-FIGHT -
U.S.A. 14 CASUALTIES; BRITAIN, 79

ON DECK
AND WILB
THE EDITO
PAPER THA
THE FIRST
IN HISTORY
BOON, THE
"WRIGHT BR
-AND DIDN



defending!

Feg Murray



THE FIRST U.S. SHIP EVER TO BEAR A DESTROYER'S NAME, THE SULLIVAN, WAS SUNK LAST NOVEMBER. THE BROTHERS, OF WHOM TWO WERE LOST WHEN THE SHIP WAS SUNK LAST NOVEMBER.



IN 1903 THE FATHER OF ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT EXCITEDLY TOLD THE EDITOR OF A DAYTON, OHIO, NEWS-PAPER THAT HIS BOYS HAD JUST MADE THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL AIRPLANE FLIGHT. THE PAPER HEADLINED ITS STORY "WRIGHT BROS. TO BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS" - DON'T EVEN MENTION THE FLIGHT!



THOMAS JEFFERSON,

3RD. PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A. WAS AN ARCHITECT, A DIPLOMAT, A FARMER, AN INVENTOR, A LAWYER, A LINGUIST, A MATHEMATICIAN, A MUSICIAN, A NATURALIST, A PHILOSOPHER AND A WRITER. HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND FAVORED "PAY AS YOU GO" TAXATION. - (THOSE WERE HIS VERY WORDS!) JEFFERSON DIED ON THE 4TH OF JULY.



BOTH OPPOSING PRESIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS, WERE BORN IN THE SAME SECTION OF KENTUCKY.

THE DOLL MAN



WHAT is the most widely read book of Nursery Rhymes? ... You're **RIGHT!** It's **MOTHER GOOSE!** ... But what happens when the well loved characters of childhood come alive in modern and terrible guise to commit their deeds of felony? Can **THE DOLL MAN**, mighty mite, match his wits against the four plunderers who step from the pages of children's verses into the world of reality? Here's an exciting and thrilling tale:

"A Blueprint For Banditry!" ...

In the state prison...

YOU'VE SERVED
YOUR TIME, SIMON
SEMLAR! STAY AWAY
FROM BAD INFLUENCE
AND YOU'LL MAKE A
GOOD CITIZEN!

I KIN GO
NOW.
CAN'T
I?

NO WONDER THE
OTHER PRISONERS CALLED
HIM "SIMPLE SIMON"! HE
HAS THE STRENGTH
OF TEN MEN — BUT
THE MENTALITY
OF A CHILD!

Outside the prison gates ...

GLAD TO SEE
YOU, SIMON!
HOP IN!

I DUNNO ... THE
WARDEN TOLD ME
TO STAY AWAY FROM
PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, SIMON! AIN'T WE
PROVED IT, COMIN' TO MEET YOU?
DIDN'T WE SEND CANDY TO
YOU IN JAIL?

BUT I
WOULDN'T
OF BEEN IN
JAIL -- BUT
FOR YOU!

I AIN'T NO
CRIMINAL TYPE!
WARDEN TOLD
ME TO KEEP
OUTA BAD
COMPANY!

NONSENSE!
WE WOULDN'T
HARM YOU!
... BETTER
STOP HERE
FOR GAS!

HOW MANY...?
WHA.....??

ALL YA GOT!
I FORGOT TO
BRING ANY MONEY--
BUT THIS GUN'LL
DO!

Swift seconds later...

WE'VE GOT
THE DOUGH!

YOU
SHOULDN'T
OF DONE IT!
YOU'RE
GONNA
GET INTO
TROUBLE!

LATER... in the
gang's hideout...

...POLICE HUNTING
GAS STATION HOLD-UP
GANG ... ONLY CLUE
IS MOTHER GOOSE
BOOK LEFT
BEHIND!...

SIMON! THAT'S
YOUR BOOK?

I MUSTA LOST IT! THE
WARDEN SAID I COULD
TAKE IT! I LIKED THE
PRETTY PICTURES! I
DIDN'T MEAN
NO HARM...
HONEST!

HEAR
THAT
?



YOU
SAP!

DON'T WORRY! THE COPS
CAN'T TRACE US THROUGH
THAT BOOK -- BUT SIMPLE
SIMON'S GOTTA STICK WITH
US NOW -- 'CAUSE THE WARDEN
WILL KNOW SIMON WAS ON
THAT JOB!

GOSH...
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!



ONE OF THE GANG IS
"SIMPLE SIMON"! THE GAS
STATION ATTENDANT SAID
THE LEADER LOOKED LIKE
HUMPTY DUMPTY!

DARREL!...
FORGET ABOUT
MOTHER GOOSE!
YOU PROMISED
TO TAKE ME TO
THE DOG
SHOW!

Later...

THAT DOG'S WORTH
TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS -- BUT THE
OWNER WON'T
SELL AT ANY
PRICE!

OF
COURSE
NOT!...



BUT THE OWNERS
MIGHT BE PERSUADED
TO BUY BACK THESE
MUTTS AT FANCY
PRICES! ...
COME ON,
GANG!

I'LL
TAKE
THIS
ONE!

OWW! YOU'RE
BREAKING
MY ARM!

BETTER PUT
GUN AWAY
LIKE NICE
MAN!



Darrel Dane
and Martha
happen by!

LOOK!

OHH! THAT MUST
BE THE "MOTHER
GOOSE" GANG!

STAY HERE
MARTHA! I'LL
GO FOR
HELP!...

BUT I
WON'T GO
FAR ... JUST
ENOUGH
TO BRING...



THE
DOLL MAN!
LOOK OUT,
GANG!

MIND IF
I COME
ALONG?

LOOK AT
HUMPTY DUMPTY
RUN! AFTER
HIM, BOWSER!

THE DOLL MAN!



Darrel Dane,
alone of all
mortals, can
compress his
body molecules
to the size of
this mighty
mite!

YEOW!



The gang leader seeks to escape by climbing to the balcony!



HEL-LO!
I-I'M
FALLING!



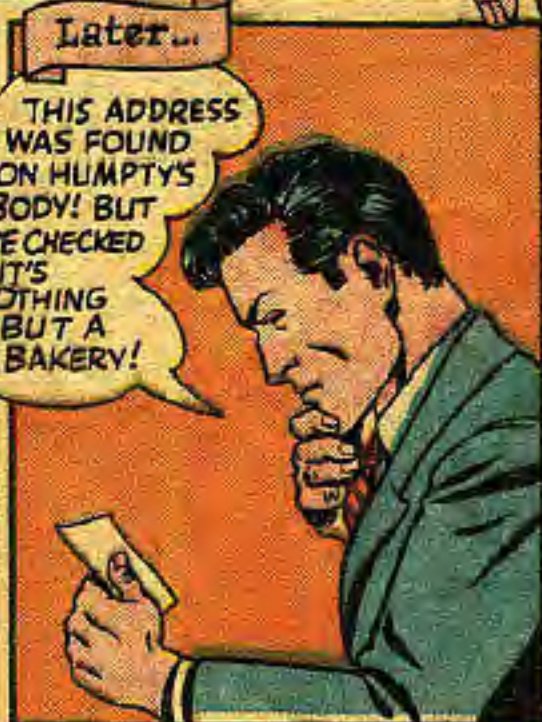
AAAHN!



"HUMPTY
DUMPTY HAD
A GREAT FALL!
AND NO ONE
WILL EVER
PUT HIM
TOGETHER
AGAIN!"

Later...

THIS ADDRESS
WAS FOUND
ON HUMPTY'S
BODY! BUT
I'VE CHECKED
--IT'S
NOTHING
BUT A
BAKERY!



WHATEVER
HUMPTY WAS THINKING
ABOUT WHEN HE WROTE
THAT ADDRESS, THE
OTHERS IN HIS GANG
PROBABLY KNOW
ABOUT IT,
TOO!



Meanwhile... the gang gets a new leader!...



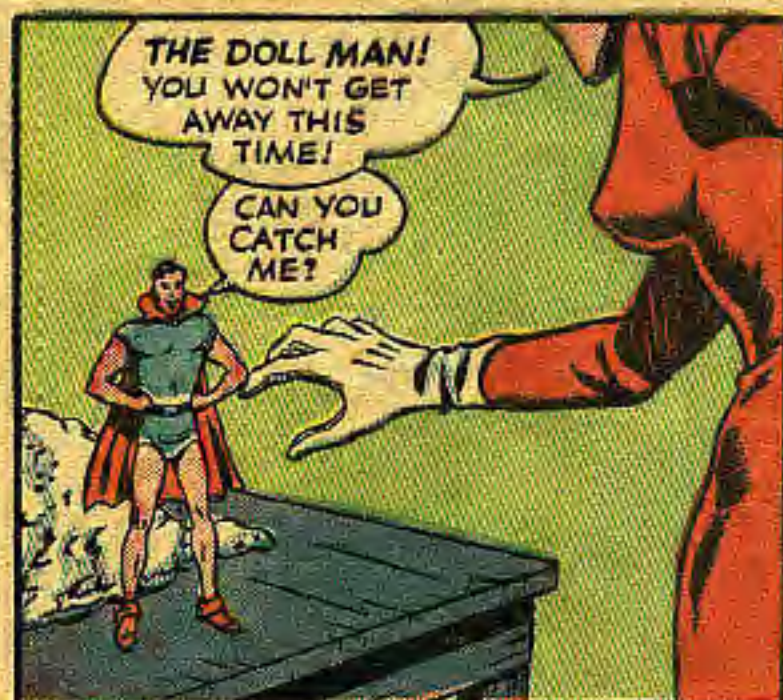
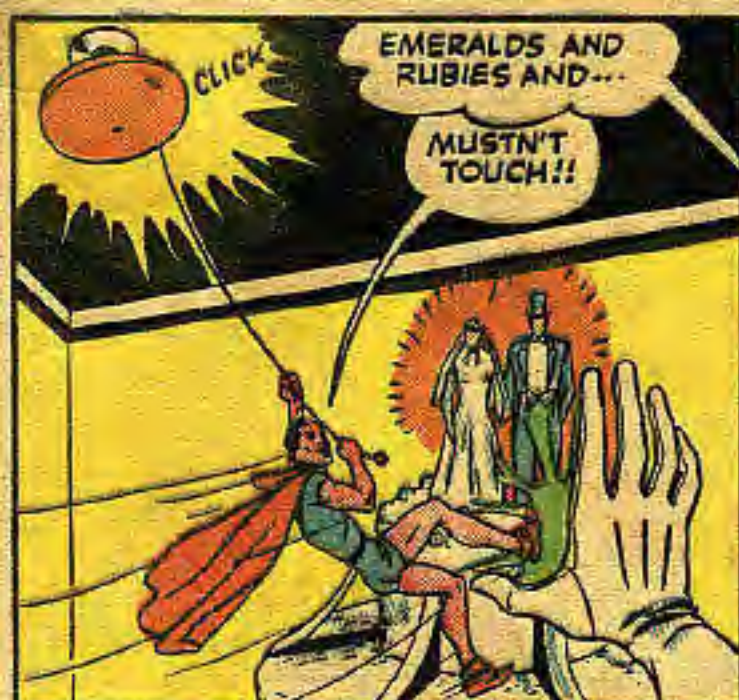
PORE
LITTLE
HUMPTY
DUMPTY!

STOP THAT! HE'S DEAD!
-AND I'M
TAKING
OVER!

WHAT ARE
YOUR PLANS,
JILL?

WE'RE GOING THROUGH
WITH THAT BAKERY JOB!
THE PLANS ARE ALL SET--
AND TONIGHT WE MOVE!





Suddenly...

WHAT
THE-!?

LITTLE MAN KILL MY
FRIEND HUMPTY DUMPTY!
NOW ME GONNA
KILL YOU!

WOW! ...HE'S
TURNING ON
THE PRESSURE!
THIS GUY'S STRONG
ENOUGH TO BREAK
STONES IN
HIS BARE
HANDS!

Stronger and
stronger grows
the cruel pressure
...until the
DOLL MAN'S
mighty body
can stand it
no longer!

OOO I'M FINISHED--
UNLESS I CAN
REACH THAT
SHELF!

DOOF!

MADE
IT!

"SIMPLE SIMON
MET THE PIE-MAN--"
BUT THE OTHERS
GOT AWAY!

THIS
BETTER
BE
GOOD!

News of Simple Simon's capture reaches Jack and Jill in their hideout room....

--IRONICALLY, THE EX-CONVICT WAS SUBDUED WITH THE AID OF A FRESHLY BAKED PIE!--

THAT "MOTHER GOOSE" MONICKER THEY HUNG ON US MUST BE A JINX!

SIMPLE SIMON WILL TELL THE COPS WHERE WE ARE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'RE SHORT OF CASH!... WHERE CAN WE GET THE DOUGH?

I'VE WORKED OUT AN ANGLE! THAT WEDDING CAKE WAS ORDERED BY ROCOCO, THE SOUTH AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE TO HIGHLIGHT HIS WEDDING RECEPTION!

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH US?

WE'LL BE GUESTS AT THAT WEDDING RECEPTION! ROCOCO DIDN'T INVITE US! SO WE'LL INVITE OURSELVES!

In the country home of Edward Rococo...

A TOAST TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT!

WHERE ARE YOU SPENDING YOUR HONEYMOON, MR. ROCOCO?

RIGHT HERE! THIS PLACE HAS MADE A HIT WITH MY WIFE!

I LOVE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSES! WE EVEN HAVE AN OLD WELL WHERE WE GET OUR DRINKING WATER!

Suddenly...

STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! ALL RIGHT, JACK-- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IT'S A ROBBERY!

TAKE IT EASY AND
NOBODY'LL GET HURT!
I'LL JUST TAKE
THIS BRIDE
AND GROOM
SET!

OH!!

SUDDENLY the
"groom" comes
to life!

DON'T
BE SO
HASTY!

IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU CAN'T
BE ALIVE!

I THOUGHT YOU
TWO MIGHT HAVE
ANOTHER TRY AT
IT! CROOKS NEVER
SEEM TO LEARN
THEIR LESSON!

THE
DOLL
MAN!

WE DON'T
WANT TO
TANGLE
WITH
HIM
AGAIN!

LET'S
BEAT
IT!

QUICK! I'VE
GOT AN
IDEA!

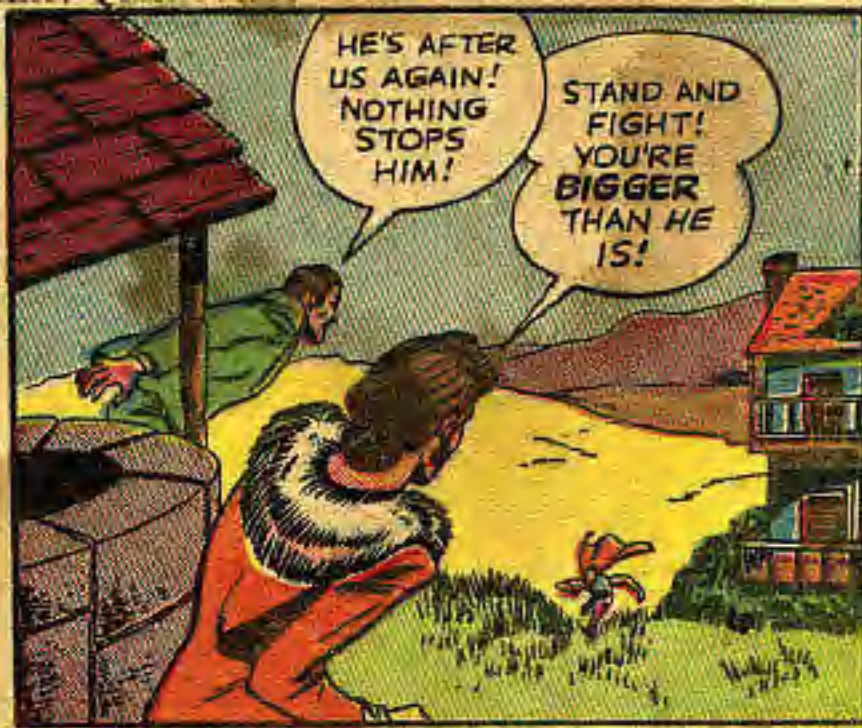
HERE HE
COMES!

THERE IT GOES!
HE'LL NEVER GET
OUT OF THE
WAY!

WE'LL
CRUSH
HIM!

I CAN'T
DODGE IT
IN TIME!

A perfectly timed leap... and the DOLL MAN races against doom!



The Kid

FROM
HESTER
STREET



HELLO, KIDS! I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT TALKIN' I JUST WANT TO GIVE YA SOME OF TH' LAYOUT OF THIS STORY-- I'M LARRY, THE KID FROM HESTER STREET-- AN' DONT LOOK NOW BUT THAT GOIL T'AM LEFT IS TESSIE!

I DONT GO FOR GOLS MUCH, BUT TESSIE TAGS ALONG LIKE HAM-AN'-EGGS PORK-AN'-BEANS OR PRETZELS-AN'-ODER!



I'LL THIST
YER ARMS
INTO
PISTOLS!



IT'S
AN OLD
BUT THE
FOR THE

C'MON, TESSIE,
LET'S HIDE IN
OUR FAVORITE
PLACE! DOWN
TH' OLD COAL
CHUTE!

RIGHT
BEHIND
YA
LARRY!

YEOW! WE'RE NOT
LANDIN' IN ANY
COAL PILE! WE'RE
IN A VERY STRANGE
PLACE! LARRY,
I'M SCARED!

HOLD ON T'IME,
TESSIE! DON'T
BE AFRAID!
SAY, THIS IS
A STRANGE
PLACE ????

WHENEVER LARRY GETS INTO TROUBLE
HE JUMPS INTO AN OLD COAL CHUTE
AN HE'S SAFE - FOR A WHILE ANYWAY!

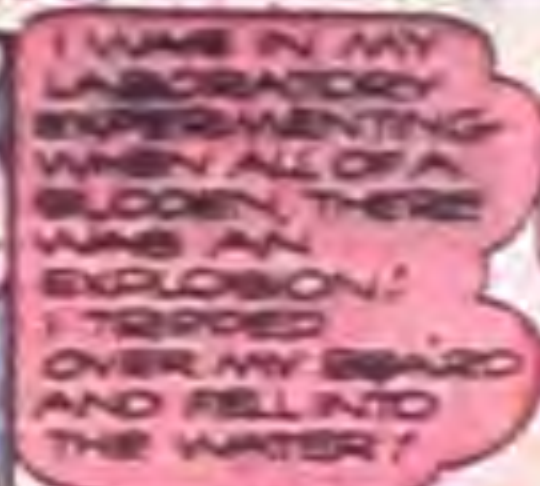
WE'RE
FALLIN'!

SPLASH

GOSH! WE'RE
ALL ALONE
STRANDED
IN TH' MIDDLE
OF TH' OCEAN!
CAN YA SWIM,
TESSIE?

I CAN MANAGE
BUT NOT FER
LONG--HEY!
SOMEONE'S
IN TROUBLE!
IT'S COMIN'
FROM OVER
THERE!

HELP!







YOU AIN'T MAGIN' NO
RUBA OUTTA US! RUN
FOR IT, TESSIE!

RIGHT BEHIND
MR. LARRY!
I'LL SLIP RIGHT
THROUGH HIS
FINGERS!



HEY, LARRY!
WE'RE FALLIN'!
FAST, BETTER
USE TH' GOLDEN
WISHBONE
AGAIN!

WELL, WELL!
I WISH
WE WAS
BACK
AGAIN
WITH TH'
OLD MAGICIAN!



IT WORKED JUST LIKE MAGIC
THEY FELL DOWN, DOWN RIGHT
INTO THE MAGICIAN'S
LABORATORY



WELL, MY FRIENDS,
HOW DID YOU FARE
WITH THE
FOUR
WISHES
I GAVE
YOU?

THE
SODAS
AND CHEWIN'
GUM WAS
SWELL!

BUT WE
NEARLY
BECAME
TRAINED
FLEAS FOR
A FLYIN'
TRAPEZE!



SCHOOL ISN'T
AS BAD AS IT
SOUNDS!! I
GOT YOU INTO
THIS WITH
MY LAST
MAGIC
EXPERIMENT!
I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOME
MAGIC TO
GET YOU
BACK HOME
AGAIN!



THE MAGICIAN MIXED A
LITTLE OF "THIS" AND A
LITTLE OF "THAT"--A LITTLE
"NOW" AND A LITTLE "THEN"--AND--

GEE--
THAT WAS
ONLY AN
OLD DUMB
WATER!

WELL, TESSIE
IT'S DARK
NOW AND
THE PRETZEL
MAN AND
MR. SOUR-
DUS'S'LL NEVER
FIND US! SO
WE BETTER
BE GOIN'
HOME! S'LONG,
KID!

S'LONG,
LARRY!



READ THE **DOLL MAN** AND
MANY OTHER EXCITING STORIES...
IN **FEATURE COMICS** EVERY
MONTH

THE GREEN DEATH

MIKITOJO'S garden pleased him very much. It was a very strange garden because it was composed entirely of odd-looking dwarf trees with long tentacles, much like the tentacles of an octopus. For many years Mikitojo had been at work on his weird plants, here in the little sheltered valley on the Snake River. He had at last perfected the idea he had worked on so long, and it was ready for delivery to Herr Doktor Fritz Klutach, upon whose shoulders rested the fate of the world—the Nazi world, and the Nippon world.

Mikitojo, small and brown, grinned happily when he thought of the monstrous weapon they would release against the hated Allied powers soon. "Seem!" he hissed. "They will see soon who is the master of the world!"

Mikitojo clapped his hands and two assistants came running out into the garden. They bowed to the great scientist.

"You will prepare the dwarf trees for shipment immediately," he said. "Orate them well and make no mistake in addressing them."

When the two men had done his bidding, Mikitojo walked around his small house and stood in reverent awe of the giant tree that grew against the mountainside. It was a weird looking tree and it seemed to grow visibly as Mikitojo watched. He grinned and rubbed his small hands. Then he waddled into the house to have a cup of tea.

Farther up the Snake River, in another sheltered valley, stood a more pretentious house, which was more of a laboratory than dwelling. This was the workshop of Herr Doktor Fritz Klutach, the plump little German scientist who had hidden well ever since the declaration of war against his country. He was in much the same situation as his Jap ally, Mikitojo. The latter had fled when the Army ordered all Japanese to internment camps. And ever since then he and the Nazi doctor

had worked together, on a device to ruin the world.

Doktor Klutach received the shipments of crates from Mikitojo with much rejoicing. The little Nip had come through, after all. Because for some time Herr Klutach had had misgivings: Mikitojo had run into many troubles during the last few months, and the Doktor was beginning to think that the experiment was a flop. But now he was happy, especially after he had tried certain acids and formalin on the plants and found them to be all that Mikitojo had prophesied.

Doktor Klutach worked like a beaver for many days, perfecting his part of the experiment. Really, his was the most important part of all. His work was to make the tiny trees lethal things with which to hurt against the invading British and Americans.

"Wait till they run into this wonderful thing!" the doktor gloated. "Just wait till those verminous pig-heads get a taste of the German ingenuity!" It didn't bother Herr Klutach to omit any credit to Mikitojo for the discovery of the deadly device. In fact, deep within the doktor's heart there lurked a plan to cut Mikitojo entirely off from any glory resulting from the find. But there was also a plan brewing in the little Nip's dark heart.

The "Green Death" struck first in one of the Pacific islands where the Allied powers had been making great headway with Hirohito's forces. It struck with such blinding force that chaos was the word of the day. Only a vague report of it came through on the Navy report, but it was easy to read between the lines: several hundred sailors and Marines had died—trapped by the Green Death. In fact, more than one Jap soldier and sailor had been trapped by the mysterious doom that swept over the island during the night. But Hirohito cared naught for that. What was a few dead Nipponese compared to the death

of hundreds of the enemy?

But this was not the only island affected: two or three days later, reports came through that several other islands had been blighted by the Green Death, and the casualties mounted to many hundreds. Not only did soldiers and sailors lose their lives, but many planes and other equipment was destroyed by the crushing death that came as fast out of nowhere.

Darrell Dane, a young American reporter on an American newspaper, and an amateur prime minister, read the reports with growing amazement. What the dickens was this Green Death? Where did it come from? No one seemed to have an explanation. And this fact didn't set well with Darrell Dane, who fixed his facts plain.

"I think I'll take a trip out to the Pacific islands," he told his city editor. "This thing is getting too big to allow it to get any bigger—if you'll pardon the ambiguity of the phrase."

The editor grinned. "Suit yourself, kid. But you may be skinning your neck out."

"A lot of guys out there have been sticking their necks out for us. So I'm shoving off in the morning."

Before Darrell Dane took off the next morning, more tragic reports of the spread of Green Death came through from the Pacific theatre. New Guinea had been hit. The Solomons. Various islands whose names had to be withheld, but where the blight had struck violently, accounting for many deaths among the Armed forces.

Darrell listened to the newscast on the transport and his blood boiled. Why couldn't something be done about this awful thing? Didn't anybody know what was causing it? From whence did the thing emanate?

Aboard the speeding ship were two men who did not belong to the evil crew. They were Dr. Klutach and Mikitojo and they were sharing the gratification of each seeing his brain

child prodigy results. And what result! They watched the terror-stricken pilot under them. Occasionally one of them would touch a control on a small board in front of them. Always this was over some island.

"Look!" shouted Mikitojo when the Jap bomber had circled and flown back over some of the islands they had crossed several minutes before. "Is anything more beautiful, Herr Doktor?"

The German muttered something and there was a gleam in his eyes at what he saw. Surely this was the most wonderful invention ever. With it, no enemy could hope to hold out against its horrors. Dr. Klutach peered to himself what would happen to Russia in just a few days—when he had manufactured enough of the chemical sports which wrought this magic. Russia! It would be laid waste in a week. Then there was the whole of Africa. And England. And, yes, Italy. That was Herr Hitler's dream, wasn't it, to grab all of Europe? Italy! Dr. Klutach sneered. What a fool Mussolini was! What fools the Italian people were! Why—

A shell screamed past the fuselage of the plane and the pilot put the ship into a wing-over, which nearly made Herr Doktor Klutach lose his touch. Mikitojo grabbed his fat stomach and closed his eyes. "Name of a pig!" he groaned. "Is that just trying to kill us?"

Several shells came close to the Jap ship and the pilot, an exceptionally good one for a Jap, maneuvered to safety by getting rolling.

On one of the islands over which the Jap plane had passed a strange thing was happening. A low green hedge-like growth was forming on two-thirds of the area. It grew like something out of this world. In just a few minutes, where there had been only tufts of rough grass, there was a dense carpet of ugly, snaky bushes which writhed and twisted like serpents. Great tentacles shot out from the common centers of each growth, tentacles with monstrous thorns on them. The hundreds of Marines on the island ran for their lives away from the uncanny growths. But the wind blowing in from the sea scattered seed pods and spores to the untouched area

and in a few minutes the growths had started among the soldiers.

"Come on, you guys," yelled a sergeant. "We gotta get out of here! These things will catch us all!" He dashed for the surf and plunged in. The others followed him in a mad rush. And some did swim. The growths quickly filled the open space. They had trapped a few of the Marines, whose cries of agony rang in the fleeing soldiers' ears as they leaped into the water. A half dozen planes on the island were gripped by the green terror and crushed as if in the clutches of a giant vise.

The Marines who had taken to the water were soon swept out to sea, and it was a foregone conclusion that they would drown. But this was better than staying to be crushed by the terrible green thorns on the island. By the time the last ones were fifty yards from shore, the growths had attained a general height of twenty feet or more—and still they grew!

Mikitojo and Dr. Klutach sped thither and yon, scattering their spores of death over many islands. Once, from a great height, they spotted an Allied convoy in the ocean and Dr. Klutach gloated when he released the trap holding the spores.

"Ah, this is something we haven't tried as yet! Wait till their decks begin swarming with green monsters!"

And not long afterward, a weird report came over the Navy teletype. The decks of several ships in the convoy were sprouting green monsters. They were engulfing the crew, crushing the very decks in vise-like tentacles!

Darrell Dane, aboard a U. S. bomber, flew over the same islands that Mikitojo and Dr. Klutach had desecrated and saw the terrible havoc the two had wrought. He had heard the relayed report of the attack on the convoy, and on two other convoys later.

But where was Darrell to start in order to stop this wholesale death by the green growths? There wasn't a clue to go on. But a couple of days after landing on a distant Solomon island—one which hadn't been touched by the spores—Darrell saw a Miata come down and land.

His own plane was hidden by bushes and the crew were well covered by cover.

Quickly he made for the spot where the Jap ship had landed, and saw, from a screening of bushes, both Dr. Klutach and one little Jap assistant. He was close enough to overhear their conversations, which instantly tipped off that they were the guilty parties. He watched. He saw the German take a small case from the ship and open a lid in the top. Then from a glass case which was implanted in the sand, the German began filling the box with something, using a sort of trowel.

While Darrell watched, his crew members sneaked up. Darrell said, "Watch, you fellows. I'm going to find out what they are doing." Then a strange thing happened. Darrell disappeared. Darrell Dane, if you recall, can instantly reduce his size to that of a Lilliputian, less than a foot high. This he had done, then plunged into the brush. Soon he was close to the two conspirators. The German carried the box into the plane and the Jap climbed in after him. So did Darrell—now in the person of The Doll Man.

Inside the plane, the Doll Man became his full-sized self and, whipping out a gun, covered the whole bunch. "Outside," he commanded.

Dr. Klutach, Mikitojo and the two pilots backed out of the plane, their hands raised. Darrell kicked the box out of the cabin. Its lid burst open and spilled grayish seed on the ground. Instantly a weird thing happened: the spores took root and began growing with lightning-like rapidity.

The three Japs and the German screamed and started to run, but Darrell fired a shot over their heads and ordered them to stay put. When the green growths had cut off their retreat inland, Darrell backed away toward his crew and plane. Already the Jap plane had been gripped in the crushing tentacles and one of its wings buckled with a ripping sound. The screams of the enemy were shattering the air, but it did little good.

The last Darrell Dane saw as his plane lifted were the four men writhing in the clutches of their own lethal invention.

THE DOLL MAN



Many times THE DOLL MAN, tiny defender of justice, has come to the aid of the innocent and the oppressed! But this time it is the DOLL MAN, as Darrel Dane, who stands accused! And there is apparently no one to save him from his fate! ...

Read how the Doll Man meets the greatest test of his career in the thrilling story of ...

"THE STATE VERSUS THE DOLL MAN!"

OUR STORY OPENS ON AN INCREDIBLE SCENE - AS DARREL DANE STANDS ACCUSED OF MURDER!

YOU
KILLED
HIM!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY!!

MR.
RAINER
-AND
HE'S
DEAD
!!

THERE'S YOUR
MURDERER!
CALL THE
POLICE!

YES,
SIR!

AND WHEN
THE POLICE
ARRIVE--

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

THAT MAN MURDERED
MR. RAINER! I CAUGHT
HIM IN THE ACT!

IT'S TRUE!
I SAW
HIM WITH
THE SMOKING
GUN!

THERE
HE
GOES!

I'LL
STOP
HIM!...

A BULLET STOPS
DARREL DANE!

UH!

HE TRIED
TO RUN AWAY!
THAT PROVES
HE'S GUILTY,
ALL RIGHT!

HE'S A
MURDERER!
HE
DESERVES
TO DIE!

A STRANGE EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A MAN WHOSE REAL IDENTITY IS THE DOLL MAN! — FOR THE ANSWER, LET US GO BACK A FEW HOURS TO A QUIET LUNCHEON SCENE WITH DARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCÉE...

I'M IN TROUBLE, DARREL! YOU MUST HELP ME!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, MARTHA!

A MAN NAMED RAINIER IS TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME! HE HAS SOME LETTERS I WROTE, INNOCENT LETTERS, WHICH MIGHT LOOK TERRIBLY SUSPICIOUS IN PRINT!

SEE!

THEY'RE NOT WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK, DARREL! BUT I CAN'T AFFORD ANY SCANDAL!

I'LL SEE RAINIER TODAY! HE'LL LISTEN TO REASON!

HENRY RAINIER IS THE REAL LEADER OF THE RACKETEERS IN THIS TOWN! THE POLICE ARE GETTING READY TO ARREST HIM! IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE MARTHA'S LETTERS FALL INTO THEIR HANDS!

DARREL CALLS ON RAINIER...

I WANT THOSE LETTERS! I INTEND TO GET THEM — OR ELSE!

ARE YOU THREATENING ME, MR. DANE?

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE! I...

OH, MY!

THE MURDERER TOSSES THE STILL-SMOKING GUN TO DARREL, WHO INSTINCTIVELY CATCHES IT!

YOU KILLED HIM!

A FRAME-UP! HE KNOWS A PERSON ALWAYS INSTINCTIVELY GRABS ANYTHING TOSSED AT HIM!



THE PRISON SIREN SOUNDS AN ALARM OF DARREL'S ESCAPE!



THEY KNOW DARREL'S MISSING!

LUCKY THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE BIGGER! — WONDER HOW I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?



WE'LL SPOT HIM GOING OVER THE WALL!



KEEP SHOOTING UP THOSE FLARES!

SILENTLY, THE DOLL MAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE MUZZLE OF THE FLARE MORTAR...

HERE'S WHERE I BECOME A HUMAN CANNON BALL!



UP IN THE SKY — UP SO HIGH —



HEY!! WHAT WAS THAT? A SINGIN' ROCKET!

HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, THE FLARE EXPLODES INTO A BLINDING GLARE WHICH LIGHTS THE GROUND BELOW...

WOY! HOPE I DON'T COME DOWN AS FAST AS I WENT UP!



FINALLY THE FLARE LANDS — OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS —

THANKS FOR THE RIDE!



SOME TIME LATER...

THE NEWSPAPERS
MENTIONED THIS AS
THE ADDRESS OF
"GUNNER" BLAM,
THE MAN WHO
FRAMED
ME!

IN DUNNER GLAM'S APARTMENT...

HELLO, BRENNER!
TH' COPE SWALLOWED
TH' STORY! DARREL DAVE'S
GOT A NOOSE AROUND HIS
NECK ANYWAY! AN'
NOBODY KNOWS IT WAS
YOU WHAT WANTED
RAINER OUTA TH' WAY!

NODDY
EXCEPT
YOU
GUNNER!

JUST IN CASE YOUR
CONSCIENCE MIGHT BOTHER
YOU - YEA'S GONNA FIX IT
SO YOU DON'T HAF TA
WORRY ...

I BUMPED RAINER OFF
FER YA, DIDN'T I? YOU'RE
TH' NEW BOSS NOW --
AINTEHA, BRENNER?

GIMME A BREAK,
BRENNER! D-DON'T
KILL MAME!
I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YA SAY!

IF THEY
KILL GUNNER
I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
PROVE I
DIDN'T MURDER
RAINER!

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS,
GUNNER!

JUST IN
TIME!

THE
DOLL
MAN!

HOW'D
YOU
GUESS?







HI FELLERS!

EARN MONEY, PRIZES and WAR SAVINGS STAMPS



How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS? Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 22 inches. A real bummer flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wild watch, woodman box, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—your profit, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Crowell's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you choose in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 994, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

CUT COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

